RODNEY STONE.

A Reminiscence of the Ring. By A. CONAN DOYLE. Cypyright, retr, by A. Conan Doyla. CHAPTER X .- CONTINUED.

The supper was laid in a large room with union jacks and mottees hung thickly upon the walls. The tables were arranged in three sides of a square, my uncle occupying the centre of the principal one, with the prince upon his right and Lord Seis upon his left. By his wise precaution the seats had been allotted beforehand, so that the gentlemen might be scattered among the professionals and no risk run w, two enemies fluding themselves together, or man who had been recently beaten falling into the company of his conqueror. For my own part, I had champion Harrison upon one side of me and a short, florid-faced man upon the other, who whispered to me; that he was "Bill Warr, landlord of the One Tun public house of Jermyn street, and one of the gamest mer, upon the list."

"It's my flesh that's beat me, sir," said he. "It creeps over me aman'n' fast. I should fight at thirteen-eight, and 'ere I am nearly seventeen. It's the business that does it. What with lollin' about behind the bar all day, and bein' afraid to refuse a wet for fear of offendin' a customer, it's been the ruin of many a good fighting man before me."

"You should take to my job," said Harrison. "I'm a smith by trade, and I've not put on half a stone in fifteen years,"

Some take to one thing and some to another, but the most of us try to have a bar parlor of our own. There's Will Wood that I beat in forty rounds in the middle of a snowstorm down Navestock way. He drives a 'ackney,

"Dick Humphries sells coals- he was always

of a gentlemanly disposition. George Ingle-stone is a brewer's drayman. We all find our own cribs. But there's one thing you are saved by livin' in the country, and that is havin' the young Corinthians and bloods about town smackin' you eternally in the face." This was the last inconvenience which I

should have expected a famous prize fighter to be subjected to, but several bull-faced fellows at the other side of the table nodded their con currence.

"You're right, Bill," said one of them. "There's no cas has had more trouble with them than I have. In they come of an evenin' into my bar with the wine in their heads. 'Are you Tom Owen the Bruiser?' says one o' them. 'At your service, sir,' says I, 'Take that, then,' says he, and it's a clip on the nose, or a backhanded slap across the chops as likely as not. Then they can brag all their lives that they had hit Tom Owen." "D' you draw their cork in return?"

"I argey it out with them. I say to them: "Now, sents, fightin' is my profession, and I don't fight for love any more than a doctor doctors for love, or a butcher gives away a loin chep. Put up a small purse, master, and I'll do you over, and proud. But don't expect that you're goin' to come here and get knocked about by a middle-weight champion for noth

"That's my way, too, Tom," said my burly "If they put up a guinea on the counter,

which they do if they have been drinking pretty heavy, I give them what I think is about a guinea's worth and take the money."

Why, then it's a common assault, d'ye William Warr, and I has 'em before the beak next mornin', and it's a week or 20 shillin's." Meanwhile the supper was in full swing-

one of those solid and uncompromising meals which prevailed in the days of your grandfathers, and which may explain to some of you why you never set eyes upon that relative. Great rounds of beef, saddles of mutton. smoking tongues, veal and ham pies, turkeys and chickens and geese, with every variety of

moking tongues, vent and moking tongues, vent and chickens and geese, with every variety of segetables and a succession of fiery sherries and heavy ales, were the main stable of the least.

It was the same meal and the same cooking as their Norse or German ancestors might have sat down to fourteen centuries before, and indeed, as I looked through the steam of the dishes at the lines of fierce and rugged faces, and the mighty shoulders which rounded themselves over the board, I could have imagined myself at one of those old-world carousals of which I had read, where the savage company gnawed the joints to the bone, and then, with murderous horseplay, hurled the what was that, Buckhorse?" cried several vitaker?"

"If I've said anything what isn't gen'leman be ille."

"Sit down, Berks." cried my uncle, with the face?" pole of command that the fellow collapsed into his chair.

"Vy. vich of you could look Jack Slack in the face?" pole of the old fellow, "or Jack broughton, him vet told the old Pook of Cumberland that all he vanted was to fight the life of the said of the whole retiment of em, and the smallest of em six foot long? There's not more'n a few of you could it ad dut in a pat o' butter, and if you gets a smack or two it's all over with you. Vich among you could get un again after such a vice Eystalian gondoleery ceve gave to Bob Vittaker?"

"What was that, Buckhorse?" cried several vices.

"If I've said anything what isn't gen'leman lead. the pale aquiline features of a sporting Co rinthian recalled rather the Norman type, but in the main these stolld, heavy-jowled faces, belonging to men whose whole life was a battle, were the nearest suggestion which we have had in modern times of those flerce pirates and rovers from whose loins we have sprung.

And yet as I looked carefully from man to man in the line which faced me, I could see that the English, although they were 10 to 1, had not the game entirely to themselves, but that other races had shown that they could produce fighting men worthy to rank with the There were, it is true, no finer or braver men in the room than Jackson and Jem Belcher, the one with his magnificent figure, his small waist and herculean shoulders, the other as graceful as an old Grecian statue, with a head whose beauty many a sculptor had wished to copy, and with those long, delicate lines in shoulders and loins and limbs which gave him the litheness and activity of a panther. Already as I looked at him, it seemed to me that there was a shadow of tragedy upon his face, a forecast of the day then but a few months distant, when a blow from a racquet ball darkened the sight of one eye forever. Had he stopped then with his unbeaten career behind him then indeed the evening of his life might have been as glorious as its dawn. But his proud heart could not permit his title to be torn from him without a struggle. If even now you can read how the gallant fellow, unable with his one eye to judge his distances, fought for thirty-five minutes against his young and most furmidable opponent, and how in the bitterness of defeat he was heard only to express his sorrow for a friend who had backed him with all he possessed, and if you were not touched by the story, there must be something wanting in you which should go to the making of a man,

But if there were no men at the tables who could have held their own against Jackson or Jem Belcher, there were others of a different race and type who had qualities which made them dangerous bruisers. A little way down the table I saw the black face and woolly head of Bill Richmond, in a purple and gold footman's livery-destined to be the predecessor of Molyneaux, Sutton, and all that I'ne of black boxers, who have shown that the muscular power and insensibility to pain which distinpulsh the African give him a peculiar advaneage in the sports of the ring. He could boast also of the high honor of having been the firstborn American to win laurels in the British ring. There also I saw the keen features of Dan Mendoza, the Jew, just returned from active work, and leaving behind him a reputa-

active work, and leaving behind him a reputation for elegance and perfect science which has
to this day never been excreded.

The worst fault that the critics could find
with him was that there was a want of power
in his blows—a remark which certainly could
not have been made about his neighbor, whose
long face, curved nose, and dark, flashing eyes
proclaimed him as a member of the same anclent races. This was the formidable Dutch
Sam, who fought at nine stone six, and yet posassed such, hitting powers that his admirers
in after years were willing to back his man at
the is stone Tom Cribb, if each were strapped
astraddle to a bench. Haif a dozen other sallow Hebrew faces showed how energetically
the Jews of Houndsditch and Whitschapel had
taken to the sport of the land of their adoption,
and that in this, as in more serious fields of
human effort, they could hold their own with
the best.

It was my neighbor Warr who very good
humoredly pointed out to me all these celetries, the schoos of whose fame had been wafted
dows even to our little Sussex village.

There's Andrew Gamble, the Irlah chamsecu, sale has "It was a that beet Noah

James, the guardsman, and was afterward nearly killed by Jetu Belcher in the 'ollow of Wimbledon common by Abbershaw's gibbet. The two that sit next him are Irish also, Jack O'Donnell and Bill Ryan. When you get a good Irish man you can't better 'im, but they're dreadful 'astr. That little cove with the levery face is Cateb Baldwin, the coster, 'im that they call the pride of Westminster. He is but five foot seven, and nine stone five, but he's got the 'eart of a giant. 'E's never been leat, and there and an am within a stone of 'im that could beat 'im, except only Dutch Sam. There's trouge Maddon, too, another o' the same breed and as good a man as ever pulled his coat off. The gentlemanty man that ears with a fork, 'im what looks like a Corinthian only that the bridge of 'is nose ain't quite what it ought to be, that's Dick Humbries, the same that was cock of the middle weights until Mendoza cut his comb for him. You see the other with the gray 'ead and the scars on his face?'

"Why, it's old Tom Faulkener, the crick-eter!" cried Harrison, following the line of Rill Warr's stubby forefinger. "He's the best underhand bowler in the Midlands, and at his best there weren't many boxers in England that could stand up aradias him.

"You're right there, Jack Harrison. He was one of the three who came up to fight when the best men of Lindon. He's an evergreen, is Tom. Why, he was turned five and fifty when he challenged and beat, after fifty minutes of it. Jack Thornhill, who was tough caugh to take it out of many a young ster. It's better to give odds in weight than in years."

stry minutes of it. Seek it out of many a youngster. It's better to give odds in weight than
in years."

"Youth will be served." said a crooning voice
from the other side of the table. "Aye, masters, youth will be served."

"he can who had spoken was the most extraordinary of all the many curious figures in
the room. He was very old, so old that he
was past all comparison, and no one, by looking
at his mummy skin and fish-like eyes could
give a gness at his years.

A few scanty gray hairs still hung about his
vellow scaln. As to his features, they were
scarcely human in their disfigurement, for
the deep wrinkles and pouchings of extreme
age had been added to a face which had silways been grotesquely ugly, and had been
crushed and bruised in addition by many a
blow. I had noticed this creature at the besiming of the meal leaning his chest against
the edge of the table, as if its support was a
welcome one, and feebly picking at the food
which was placed before him. Gradually,
however, as his neighbors piled him with
drink, his shoulders grew squarer, his back
stiffened, his eyes brightened, and he looked
about him with an air of surprise at first, as if
be had no clear recollection of how he came
there, and afterward with an expression of
deepening interest as ne listened with his ear
secoped up in his hand to the conversation
around him.

"That's old Buchborse," whispered Champion Harrison. "He was just the same as
that when I foined the ring, three and twenty
years ago. Time was when he was the terror
of London."

"He was so," said Bill Warr. "E would
fight like a stag, and 'e was that 'ard that 'e

that when I loined the ring, three and twenty years ago. Time was when he was the terror of London."

"He was so," said Bill Warr. "E would fight like a stag, and 'e was that 'ard that 'e would let any swell knock 'im down for 'aif a crown. 'E 'ail no face to speil, d'ye see, for 'e was always the ugliest man in England. But 'e's been on the shelf now for near sixty years, and it cost him many a beatin' before he could understand that his strength was slippin' away from him.

"Youth will be served, masters," droned the old man, shaking his head miserably.

"Fill up 'is glass," said Warr. "Here Tom, give old Buckhorse a sup o' lintrap. Warm his old 'eart for 'im."

The old man poured a glass of neat gin down his shrivelled throat, and the effect upon him was extraordinary. A light glimmered in each of his dull eyes, a tinge of color came into his waxlike cheeks, and opening his toothiess mouth, he suddenly emitted a peculiar belilke and most musical cry. A hourse roar of laughter from all the company answered it, and flushed faces craned over each other to catch a glimpse of the veteran.

"There's Buckhorse!" they cried. "Buckhorse is comin' round again."

"You can laugh if you will, masters," he cried, in his Lewkner lane dialect, holding up his two thin vein-covered hands. "It won't be long that you'll be able to see my crooks yich 'ave been on Fig's conk and on Jack Broughton's and on Harry Gray's and on many another good fightin' man that was millin' for a livin' before your fathers could eat pap."

The company laughed again, and encuraged the old man by hulf-derisive, half-affectioner the course of the cold man by hulf-derisive, half-affectioner the cold man by hulf-derisive, h

tionate cries.
"Let 'em 'ave it, Buckhorse! Give it 'em straight! Tell us how the millin' coves did it in your time."
The old gladiator looked round him in great contempt.

The old gladiator looked round him in great contempt.

"Vy, from vot I see," he cried, in his high, broken treble, "there's some of you that ain't fit to flick a fly from a loint o' ment. You'd make wery good ladies' maids, the most o' you, but you took the wrong turnin' ven you came into the ring."

"Give 'em a wipe over the mouth," said a hoarsesvoice.

"Joe Berks," said Jackson, "I'd save the hangman the job of breaking your neck if his Royal flighness wasn't in the room,"

"That's as it may be, guvinor," said the half-drunken rufflan, stargering to his feet.

"If I've said anything what isn't gen'leman-like."

"The came over 'ere from voreign parts, and 'e was so broad 'e 'ad to come edgavise troug'. The doors, I'ad eaton my data'. I have a so broad 'e 'ad to come edgavise troug'. The doors, I'ad eaton my data'. I have a so to come and when 'ed creaked a jaw or two it looked as though nothing in the country could stan' against lim. So the King 'e sent one of his geneimen down to Fig. and 'e said to him. 'Ere's a cove vot cracks a bone every time he lets vily, and it'll be little credit to the Lunnon boys if they lets 'im get away away without a vacking. So Fig be ups and he sars,' I do not know, master, but he may break one of his countrymen's lawbones vid his vist, but I'll being him a cockney lad and he shall not be alice to break his sawbone with a sledge hammer.' I was with Fig in Stauchter's core. The come is a serie of the curious bell-like cry, and again the Corinthians and the fighting men laughed and applianded him.

"His Royal Highness—that is, the Earl of Che ter—would be glad to hear the end of your story. Buckhorse," said my uncle, to whom the Prince had been whispering.

"Vell, your Royal 'Ighness, 'it' was like this: Ven the day came round all the volk came to Fig's amphitheatre, the same that was in Tottinnam court, and loo Vittaker' e was there, and the Eyrallan condolerry cove 'e was there, and the Eyrallan condolerry cove 'e was there, and the Eyrallan condolerry cove 'e was there, and the printers, sentence that the hist play, to do vat was right by the cove from voreign parts. They was packed all round, the folks was, but down through the middle of 'em was a passare, just so as the gentry could come through to their seats, and the stage it was of wood, as the custom then was, an' a man's 'ight above the 'eads of the people.

"Vell, then, ven Rob was put up coposite this great Evalian man I say 'Slap l'in in the vind, Bob,' cos I could see with all an eye that he was a pure and see with all an eye that he was a pure and see with all an eye that he was a pure and the man of the passage as and as it

the mean time heer cleared, and was now studded with bottles and glasses, while long clay pipes and tobacco boxes were handed around. My uncle never smoked, thinking the habit might darken his teeth, but many of the Corintians, and the Prince among the first of them, set the example of lighting up.

All restraint had now been done away with, and the price fighters, fisched with wine, reared across the tables to each other, or shouted their greetings to friends at the other end of the room. The amateura, falling into the humor of their company, were hardly less noisy, and loudly delasted the merits of the different men, criticising their styles of fighting before their faces, and making bets upon the results of future matches.

In the midst of the uproar there was an imperative rap upon the table, and my uncle rose to speak. As he atood with his pale, calm face and fine figure, I had never seen bim to greater salvantage, for he seemed, with all his elegance to have a quiet air of domination among all these fierce fellows, like a huntsman walking carelessy through a springing and yapping pack. He expressed his pleasure at seeing so many good speatenen under one roof, and acknowledged the honor which had been done, both to his guests and himself by the presence there that might of the illustrious personage whom he should refer to as the Earl of Chester. He was sorry that the season prevented him from placing game upon the table, but there was an much sitting round it that it would perhaps be hardly missed. (Theors and laughter). The speats of the ring had in his opinion tended to that contempt of pain and of danger which had contributed so much in the past to the safety of the country, and which might if what he heard was true, be very quickly necled once more. If an enemy landed upon our shores it was then that, with our small army, we should be compelled to fall back upon native valor, trained into intrillood by the practice and contemplation of manly sports. In times of peace also the Pules of the ring had been of service in enforcing the principles of fair play, and in turning public opinion against that use of the knife or of the boot, which was so common in foreign countries. He begged, therefore, to drink success to the fancy, comiled with the name of John Jackson, who might stand as a type of all that

nan, play or pay."
It was curious to see the intense gravity of them all, fighters and backers, as they bent their brows and weighed the conditions of the

match.
"I am informed," said Sir John Lade, "that
Crab Wilson's age is 23, and that, although
he has nover fought a regular P. R. battle, he
has nove the less fought within ropes for

he has never fought a regular P. R. battle, he has nore the less fought within ropes for a stake on many occasions."

"I've seen him half a dozen times at the least," said Beleher.

"It is precisely for that reason, Sir John, that I am laying odds of 10 to 1 in his favor."

"May I ask," said the Prince, "what the exact height and weight of Wilson may be?"

"Five foot eleven, and thirteen ten, your Royal Highness." Long enough and heavy enough for anything on two legs," said Jackson, and the professionals all murmured their assent.

"Read the rules of the fight, Sir Lothlan."

"The battle to take place on Tuesday, May 18, at the hour of 10 in the morning, at a spot to be afterward named. The ring to be twonty feet square. Neither to fall without a knock-down blow, subject to the decision of the unrives. Three umpires to be chosen upon the ground, namely, two in ordinary and one in reference. Does that meet with your wishes, Sir Charles?"

My uncle bowel.

"Have you anything to say, Wilson?"

The young puglist, who had a curious, lanky figure and a crangy, bony face, passed his fingers through his close-cropped hair.

"If you please, zir," said he, with a slight west country burr, "a twenty-foot ring is too small for a thirteen-stone man."

There was another murmur of professional agreement.

"What weuld you have it, then, Wilson?"

agreement. "What would you have it, then, Wilson?" "What would you have it, then, when a "Four and twenty, Sir Lothian."
"Have you any objections, Sir Charles?"
"Not the slightest."
"Anything else, Wilson?"
"If you please, zir, I'd like to know whom I'm fighting with."
"understand that you have not nominated your man, Sir Charles?"

"I understand that you have not nominated your man, Sir Charles?"
"I do not intend to do so until the very morning of the fight. I believe I have that right within the terms of our wager."
"Certainly, If you choose to exercise it."
"I do so intend. And I should be vastly pleased if Mr. Herkeley Craven will consent to be stakeholder."

The contemps having given his consent.

pleased if Mr. Berkeley Craven will consent to be stakeholder."

That gentleman having given his consent, the final formalities which led up to these humble tournaments were concluded.

And then, as these full-blooded, powerful men became heated with their wine, angry eyes began to gleam across the table, and amid the gray swiris or tobaceo the lamolight gleamed upon the flerce, hawk-like Jews and the flushed, savage Saxons. The old quarrel as to whether Jackson had or had not committed a foul by seizing Mendoza by the hair on the occasion of their battle at Hornchurch eight years before came to the front once more. Butch Sam hurled a shilling down upon the table, and offered to fight the pride of Westminster for it, if he ventured to say that Mendoza had been fairly beaton. Joe Berks, who lad grown holsier and more quarrelsome as the eyening went on, tried to clamof Westminster for it, if he ventured to say that Mendoza had been fairly beaten, Joe Bierks, who had grown noisier and more quarrelsome as the evening went on, tried to clamber ac loss the table with horrible biasphemies to come to blows with an old Jew named Fighting Jussef, who had plunged into the discussion. It needed very little more to finish the supper by a general and feroclous hattle, and it was only the exertions of Jackson, Heicher, Harrison, and others of the cooler and steadler men which saved us from a riot. And then, when at last this question was set aside, that of the rival claims to championship at different weights came on in its stead, and again anary words flew about and challenges were in the air. There was no exact limit between the light, middle, and heavy weights, and yet it would make a very great difference to the standing of a leaver whether he should be regarded as the heaviest of the light weights or the lightest of the heavy weights. One claimed to be 10-stone champion, another was ready to take on anything at 11, but would not zen to 12, which would have brought the invincible Jem Beicher down upon him. Faulkener claimed to be champion of the seniors, and even cid Buckhorse's curious call rame out above the tumult as he turned the whole company to laughter and good humor again by challenging anything over 80 and under seven stone. But in spite of gleams of sunshime there was thunder in the air, and Champion Harrison had just whispered in my ear that he was quite sure he would never get through the night without trouble, and was advising me, if it got very bad, to take refuge under the table, when the landord entered the room hurriedly and handed a note to my uncle. He read it and then passed it to the Prince, who returned it with raised eyebrows and a gesture of surprise. Then he rose with the scrap of paper in his hand and a smile upon his lips.

"Gentlemen," said he, "there is a stranger waiting below who desires a fight to a finish with the best man in the room."

(To be continued.)

Her Bloomers Frightened Off the Bear.

From the Morning Orecontan.

As Mrs. George Blankenship of Olympia was on the way to Mud Bay last Friday afternoon on her bloydo she saw a black bear beside the road so busily occupied in eating that he at first did not see her. Under the hope that bruin would be the means of her discovering a beatree, Mrs. Blankenship dismounted, and went to where he was feasting, and his bearship seeing her when she had approached quite close to him, struck into the timber. Instead of bees occupying the bears attention it was a large mest of anta. He had pulled the nest open, and was devouring the swarms of the insects that came out to attack the disturber of their home. From the Morning Oregonian.

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AMERICAN MYTHOLOGY,

RELIGION AND ROMANCE:

Tales of Creation and of Legendary Heroes.

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IX.-HAWT (LAMPREY EEL). PART L. It is worthy of note that Waldadikit, who called the great assembly, has become a trout, dweller in water, and that Hawt, the great musician, is identified with water in a spe-

cial and peculiar manner.
In the Yana mythology Hawt, who is called Tirdkala (lamprey cel), widened the spaces between mountains, deepened the valleys. made all kinds of streams, rivers, and swamps. He sang always while he labored, never rested, and never atc. His two great assistants were Hapawila, now a water snake, and Pakalai

Jáwichi, now a water lizard.

Tirákala or Hawt was simply a form to represent water in action, the Water of the World in one place and person visible at one time to a

single spectator. In Wintu Hawt was represented as in this case making music with his own body, just as water does. Never has there been on earth so great a musician as water, if it be considered in its totality and represented as a single person or entity.

The name Waldadikit is made up of Walda.

in the far north, dikit, to steal up in the night to attack a sleeping person.

HAWT CLAMPHEY EEL).

On the south side of Bohem Puvnk [Great Mountain] is a small mountain called Tede Puyuk [Red Mountain]. Near that small mountain lived Waldadikit Kiemila [Dolly Varden trout old man]. He lived all alone, without neighbors. There was no house near his, He lived long in that place, thinking what was best to be done, thinking, thinking. After a great while he thought: "The best thing to do

is to build a sweat house."

He built a sweat house about a mile west of where he was living. When he had fin-ished this house he took a kind of redearth and painted the eastern half of the house red on the outside. The western half he painted green with paint made from leaves of bushes. After he had painted the western half all the different kinds of bushes whose leaves he had

Tearchi came up in front of him, and whispered:

"My brother, I have come for you. My grandfather sent me to ask you to go to him and not to tell any one."

"That is well, I will go. Let us start."

That was all he said. This hig man was Hawt. Tearchi had brought his flute, but he could not use it, for he hall to keep his fourney secret and not let himself be seen; he held the flute hidden under his arm.

"Let us go, said Hawt; "go you ahead." Tearchi went into the ground, came out where he had been sitting at first, and then went to the house of the old woman, his graddmather. Hawt stood up to make ready for the journey. The people kept on working. They were all of the Hawt people, and the big man was their chief.

to do nice things. Now, my sympleson, think
"I should like it do best thing. to bear
nice music, beautiful; sounds,"
not sleep; blud later, but not bear the community of the control of t

in go to those people.

ravel,"

He shot away east and returned. Then he
He shot away east and returned. Next

CREEDE, THE DAREDEVIL.

HIS TWO FIGHTS, SINGLE-HANDED, WITH SIOUX BANDS.

Once He Put to Flight Twenty-five Indiana and Pursued Them Three Mites, and at Another Time He Killed Six Out of a Party of Seven with His One Rifle, One of the most daring acts in the history of Lieut. Croede was committed in western Ne-braska in 1806. From boyhood days he had been noted as a hunter, and during the years which he spent in the scouting service his splendid marksmanship and extraordinary achievements in the pursuit of game carned for him the reputation of being the best hunter

west of the Missouri River.

Here is the story as I had it from Creede's old friend. It was this incident which first gained for him the full confidence and unstinted admiration of the Indian scouts:

"Game, through some cause, was very scarce near our camp, and one day Creede saddled his favorite horse and rode southward, determined to get ment of some kind before returning. He went about fifteen miles from camp, and after hunting some four or five hours without success made up his mind the game had all left the country, and started to return by a circultous route, desiring to cover as large a scope of country as possible and get some meat if it was at all to be found. After travelling perhaps an hour through the sand hills he came upon a fresh trail of pony tracks, and knew the tracks were made by Indian ponies, and nostile Indians, too, for none of our scouts were away from camp. He determined to follow the trail and ascertain if the ponies all bore riders, and, if possible, to get close enough unobserved to see from the appearance of the Indians who they were. They were headed in the direction in which he desired to go, and, after tightening up his saddle cinches and looking to his pistols, he took up the trail. He judged from the trail that there were about twenty-five or thirty Indians in the party, and soon learned that his estimate was a

nearly correct one.
"When he reached the top of the first little hill be came in full view of the party not more than a quarter of a mile distant. They saw him at the same time, as he knew from the confusion in their ranks. His position was a critical one. If he tried to run they would scatter and get him, and in less time than it takes to tell t he had made his plan and started to put it into execution. He saw that his only chance, into execution. He saw that his only chance, though a desperate one, would be to make them believe he was the head of a party in their pursuit, and, taking off his hat, he made francic motions to the rear, as if hurrying up a body of troops, and then putting spurs to his horse, dashed right toward them, and when close enough began firing at them with his ritie. The plan worked beautifully, for without firing a shot they seemed to become terror tricken and fled on through the hills. The concealed them from view, but the scout pressed on, firing at every chance. He chased them for the round it hard to make the scouts believe his story, and some of them quite plainly hinted that he had found the ponies in the hills and had seen no Indians. Creede saw at once that they doubted him, and determined to convince them of the truth of what he had told them. The next morning he took a dozen or more of them and went back to the scene of the chase, and they were not long in finding all the coyotes had left of the two bodies.

"That affair firmly established his reputation with the scouts, and ever after they fully relied on his judgment as a war chief."

One day at sunset Lieut, Creede rode out from Ogallain, where the scouts were stationed, guarding the builders of the Union Pacific Rallway. Creede was, and is yet, for that matter, a famous rifle shot, quick, cool, and sure, and upon this occasion his skill came in good play, as it did in later years when he fought two grizzlies single handed in the presence of two wituseses.

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